

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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RARE DIME NOVELS

by Edward T. LeBlanc

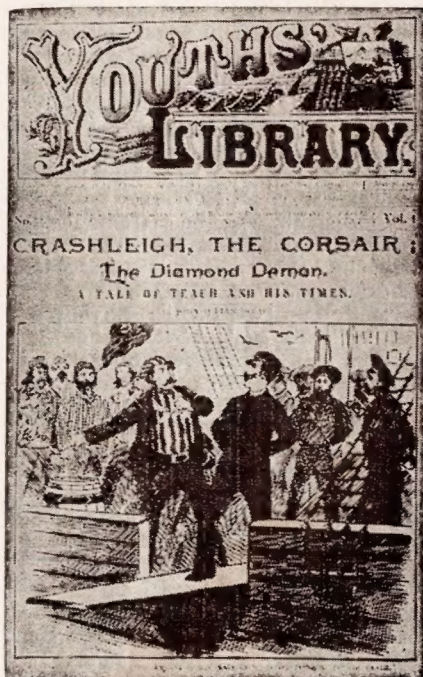
#2

YOUTHS' LIBRARY

Another practically unknown dime novel series is Youths' Library, a 24-page weekly, size 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 10 inches, published by the Benedict Publishing Co., 19 Park Place, New York, New York. It had a black and white pictorial cover and sold for 5 cents. No. 4 is dated May 7, 1890, which would make the first issue dated April 16, 1890 provided all issues were published as scheduled.

The title of No. 4 is "Crashleigh, the Corsair; or, The Diamond Demon." A Tale of Teach and His Time, by John Julian DeBar. The story seems to have been reprinted from an English novel. No American author of that time would have had an English hero. Whether or not all numbers of this library are English reprints cannot be determined as the earlier numbers are not listed nor is the following, if one were published, advertised. Someone well versed in English "penny dreadfuls" may be able to enlighten me on the origin of the story.

Crashleigh, the corsair, is prowling the seas off the east coast of Florida in search of prey when a British cutter is sighted. The time is some years before the American revolution when notorious pirates the like of Blackbeard (Teach) roamed the Spanish main. Crashleigh gives chase and soon overtakes and boards the cutter. After a bitter struggle, the gallant men of the cutter are overpowered and forced to walk the plank. As Humphrey



Dare, the captain, nears his doom he takes a good look at Crashleigh. "Clive Rashleigh," he half whispers, half cries out. Visibly shaken the pirate chief turns away and the next moment Humphrey Dare has gone to his death. The pirate ship is then scuttled much to the surprise of the crew, but the crafty Crashleigh has everything very carefully planned.

The scene changes to a courtyard on a large estate in England. Clive Rashleigh, whose uncle is a baronet is a-

bout to propose marriage to Lady Hildegarde DeBenham. He is silenced however by her announcement that she has accepted Hugo Rashleigh, his cousin. Clive is at first anguished and then angered. He accuses her of marrying Hugo for the family diamonds and vows that within three years he will be back with enough diamonds to make his cousin's collection a mere pittance in comparison. It must be mentioned here that Hubert Rashleigh, father of Hugo is aged and is not expected to live very long. Hugo's health is not too good, either; therefore, there seems to be some foundation of truth in Clive's accusations. Unknown to all three is the fact that Hubert Rashleigh has made a will which, upon the death of Hugo, the family diamonds would be passed on to a younger son instead of to Hugo's wife.

A few days after seizing the British cutter, a merchantman not suspecting a British ship of being a pirate falls easy prey. All hands are made to walk the plank and the merchant ship is sunk. Dead men tell no tales! Crashleigh then sails for Charleston and anchors off Ft. Moultrie. Wearing the uniform of a British Naval Officer he calls on the commander of the fort and introduces himself as Humphrey Dare. He obtains information of ships' sailings from the unsuspecting officer and armed with this knowledge fills his coffers with treasure. No one is spared to tell the tale, and the looted ships are scuttled and sunk. The treasure is divided among the crew, Crashleigh keeping all diamonds for himself.

In an engagement with a large packet engaged in the East India trade, Crashleigh's crew is badly depleted. His first mate, a former follower of Teach, tells him that when in difficulties Blackbeard would call on an old crone in Yorktown who was reputed to be a seer. She is locally known as Wanda, the Witch of Yorktown. Crashleigh decides to call on her for advice and comes ashore at an unfrequented part of the beach near the hut of the witch attired in uniform. She, by innuendoes and half statements, leads him to believe she knows of his double life. He leaves much agitated wondering why he called on her at all. The witch chuckles to herself that he will be back. Just

outside the hut Crashleigh passes a young lady who stops him to inquire the name of his ship. When he tells her that he is Humphrey Dare, commander of the "Hyena," she looks at him closely and with a start, cries, "Clive Rashleigh, you have murdered him!" and crumbles at his feet in a dead faint. Crashleigh rushes back to the cutter much disturbed wondering who the young lady could be.

The Witch of Yorktown had seen the encounter from her window and came out to help the young woman, who proved to be Dorothy Dare, sister of Humphrey. She tells Wanda that she recognized the man as Clive Rashleigh. At this, the witch seems very much interested. Dorothy Dare had come to America to find information of her missing brother and was staying with friends in the vicinity by the name of Bettancourt.

Crashleigh, meanwhile, decides it is time to leave this part of the sea and sails for the coast of Costa Rica where he hopes to replenish his crew. There he encounters a British cruiser which gives chase. Evidently news of the cutter has finally leaked out. The cutter escapes under cover of a storm which drives it north to the coast of Nicaragua. There enough men are acquired to continue his infamous trade. The British cruiser intercepts him, but Crashleigh, a master of sea fighting, wins the day and now a British cruiser is his pirate ship.

Back in England, Hildegarde has married Hugo and with the passing away of Hubert Rashleigh has come into possession of the family diamonds but mourning forbids the wearing of them. Her greed is unsatiated. Things are to get worse, however. Her husband dies and the diamonds are passed on to his brother, Leonard, leaving her nothing but an old gloomy mansion. All her planning has come to naught. Where all this time is Clive Rashleigh? Would he come to her succor? These questions rested heavily with her.

Crashleigh again visits the Witch of Yorktown who tells him of the happenings in the Rashleigh family. He decides to go to England where he calls on Lady Hildegarde who has lost much of her bloom and brightness. She is overjoyed at seeing him, but for a short time only. Clive Rashleigh

has not come to make her his wife as she hoped, but to revenge himself and gloat over her at the turn of events that have taken from her the fortune for which she had cast him aside. She is left alone with no one to comfort her and no one to care. Thus, the price of avarice and greed.

Back to America comes Clive Rashleigh well satisfied with his revenge. He intends to leave the sea and his prating ways and settle in America as a gentleman farmer. However, the treasure he has accumulated must be taken care of. An irresistible force leads him to call once more on the Witch of Yorktown for advice. The sea has made him superstitious so that he is gullible to any suggestion made by her. She tells him that she knows of a safe place to bury his treasure and that it can be buried that very night before the rise of the moon. That evening together with a trusted boatswain, Crashleigh comes ashore with his chest of treasure. Wanda directs them through a devious route to the summit of a craggy hill where it is buried amid weird chanting and the placing of curses on whosoever dares to disturb its resting place. After the "ceremony" the witch tells Crashleigh that he must go to a certain address in Charleston where he will learn something of great importance to him. He must go at all costs. On the way back to the ship he loiters a bit behind the boatswain and with a swoop of a club bashes in his head. He has made sure of the boatswain's discretion.

He sets sail for Charleston and in a few days is anchored in the bay. Clive calls at the address given which proves to be the residence of the Bettancourts—friends with whom Dorothy Dare is staying. Mrs. Bettancourt tells him that his cousin Leonard has died leaving him the sole heir to the Rashleigh title and fortune. Now he can go back to England and live a life of ease. His musings are rudely interrupted by the entrance of Dorothy Dare, closely followed by officers from Ft. Moultrie. He is quickly taken into custody. A trial is held the very next day and in a short time, Crashleigh, the corsair, is hanged from the gibbet in the public square. So ends a notorious career.

The Dares and Rashleighs had been neighbors in England. The Witch of Yorktown turns out to be Rosalind

Rashleigh, wife of Hubert, who had fled to America after being married for a year. The treasure is divided among the Dares and other victims of Crashleigh.

"A LODGE OF GOLDEN HOURS"

by Harry A. Weill

In the February issue of the Round-Up, one of your contributors, Mr. Stanley A. Pachon, in his series entitled: "Pseudonyms in popular literature" submits a list of authors who wrote under assumed cognomens, and asks if anyone can furnish their real names. I think I can help him out:

"Frank Sheridan": This was John de Morgan of the staff of Golden Hours, and the reason for the change may be that he specialized in stories of historical vein, and traced the development of America from the days of its settlement up to the relatively recent past, for I discontinued taking the paper in 1896, and have scant means of knowing whether Mr. de Morgan continued as an author of G. H. after that year; since then he may have passed away. At the time I called upon Mr. Patten in 1931, he informed me that all the staff writers of this paper were dead. "Prince of the Aztecs, or: The Temple of Huotchlipot-chli" (if anyone can spell this better from memory, I yield honors to them). A story about Ponce de Leon and the Search for the Fountain of Youth. (Cannot furnish the exact title, as this was before I took the paper). Philip of Mount Hope or Chief of the Wampanoags. Captain of the Minute Men. The Young Privateersmen, or, the Adventures of the Rand Boys in the War of 1812. Marion and His Men, or the Swamp Fox of South Carolina. Work and Win, a story of the War in the Shenandoah Valley. Linden's Vow, (another story dealing with the Civil War). These are all the stories that I can remember off-hand, but there were many more and switched in between was probably one having for its theme our War with Mexico in 1846. When Mr. de Morgan departed from his historical novels and wrote stories having a more popular appeal: "School Life at Grandcourt," it may be that he considered this would be detrimental to his prestige, hence the

change. "Rodolfo the Gypsy, or Adventures of the Golden Hours Club in the Catskill Mountains."

"Ernest A. Young": For well-nigh 60 years, (ever since I was a little boy), have been plagued with the identity of this author who wrote, among other serials: "Rags and Tags, or the Vagabonds of Venango": A Toss-Up for Luck, (sub-title forgotten.) Have been speculating whether he could be among the staff writers of G. H., which, according to Mr. Patten, numbered only 5, viz:

Frederick Stearns (also adopted the pseudonym Fred Thorpe, and "Fred" (Bones series and other comics.)

Harrie Irving Hancock

Cornelius Shea

John de Morgan

Weldon J. Cobb

William G. (Gil) Patten wrote only short stories at the outset and only later on contributed serials—something which made me happy. "Bicycle Ben," "The Boy Centaur," "John Smith of Michigan," "The Crimson 'Q'" (a whodun-it which would have done credit to Conan Doyle). The Winged Demon (bizarre and highly original in concept). Boy Centaur was replete with local color about the South American countries. Sub-title: "From the Adirondacks to the Andes."

Harrie Irving Hancock: While lacking any absolute knowledge, hardly believe that he ever wrote under any assumed name, as his creative faculties were of the highest, wrote in an original style and was well able to go along without adopting any pseudonym. Have sometimes wondered whether this was his real name, as it is an unusual way to spell "Harrie." Mr. Hancock specialized in stories the locale of which was in the various foreign countries. "The Young Acrobat" (Italy). The Boy Wizard or Adventures in the Land of the Moor, and others which I will make an effort to recall from memory.

Matt Royal: A Canadian, whose stories were worthy of gracing the pages of any classical magazine, only came along during the later years. The Boy Mesmerist; The Vandam Tragedy (?) or the Mystery of the Warehouse was a corker!

S. A. D. Cox, Harbaugh, and others: Their pictures appeared in a group of

G. H. authors on vacation in the Adirondack Mountains, which Mr. Willis G. Hurd was kind enough to send me. During my time they wrote "shorts," and believe they contributed serials later.

Some of the foregoing data was incorporated in the article ("spread" he called it) entitled: "Dime Novel Days" by Mr. Patten, which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post of February or March 1931, and I recommend to Mr. Pachon that he endeavor to secure a copy of this issue.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE FOREIGN QUOTATIONS IN "THE HOUSE OF BEADLE AND ADAMS"

by Albert Johannsen

In compliance with a number of requests, I give the following rather free translations of the foreign quotations in my "Beadle and Adams" book. Said Lord Byron in speaking of the Greek title of one of his poems: "If I translate it I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I suppose they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned."

I offer the same apology for my translations, which I give just in case any of my readers are a bit rusty in their Greek, Latin, German, Danish, or French.

Volume I

O would the times were as of yore,
But they will come back never more.

(p. 1)

Like the life of leaves, so is that of man. (p. 7)

Out of much chaff I have gathered
but little grain. (p. 15)

You began better than you end. (p. 19)

Civil sedition deeply wounds good will
(the right hand of friendship). (p. 38)

They are eternally at variance. (p. 42)

It Finally Reached the Right Person

The old postmaster asked the youth
who delivered the mail:

"Have you taken care of the letters?"

"Even of the one addressed to Johann Christian Engle who is apprenticed to the tailor Block? Did you fi-

nally discover where he lives?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy after some consideration. "Yes, sir. But with that old letter things at first went badly askew. The matter was very confusing for he does not live in Lager Street, but lives a bit farther along the strand. He does not live on the right side, but on the left. Neither does he live in the third story. No, he lives below in the basement. His master is not the tailor Teller and he himself is not called Christian Engle. No. He is called Anna-Maria Durten Rist, and he is not a tailor's apprentice. No, sir. He is an old wash-woman." (p. 44)

Whom the Gods love, dies young. (p. 47)

All things change. (p. 57)

Everyone believes only that which suits him; he is suspicious of everything else. (p. 61)

Pale Death, with impartial step, comes equally to the hut of the poor and the palace of the rich. (p. 63)

Everything ends that had a beginning. (p. 68)

Volume II

We will assign to each that which belongs to him. (p. 3)

You are not stupid. (p. 8)

All this makes me as stupid as though a millwheel were revolving in my head. (p. 40)

No great genius is without some admixture of madness. (p. 48)

Distinction sought at the hands of time does not fall. The glory of genius rises superior to the claims of death. (p. 85)

That poet seems to me able to go along a tight rope (knows his business) who with idle talk distresses my heart, influences me, soothes me, fills me with false terrors like a magician, and who sets me down, now at Thebes, now at Athens. (p. 88)

English people, best at weeping, worst at laughing. (p. 92)

Dear God! What cannot such a man think of! (p. 93)

A literary man (man of many letters). (p. 102)

It tires me, for no sooner is it ended that it commences again at the beginning. (p. 112)

That was not true. He saw that that could never have happened (p. 121)

What do you not have to relate? (p. 124)

It is wonderful to be wise! (p. 123)
He spun from himself like a spider. (p. 155)

To be detected is miserable. (p. 165)
When shall we look upon his like again? (p. 167)

It is impossible to please everyone. (p. 183)

In those days applause was genuine (p. 205)

Some good, some mediocre, and much more that's bad. (p. 209)

I am like the weathercocks which only stand in one position when they get rusty. (p. 214)

He is gone. Useless, ah useless to sigh for him. (p. 222)

She dreams of love while her nails are still soft (or, as we would say, While she is still wet behind the ears). (p. 230)

It does not matter that you were born in a duck's pen if you were hatched from a swan's egg. (p. 299)

Let the purchaser beware, for he should not be ignorant of the property he is buying. (p. 323)

Without assistance we search in vain, but here we have the aid of an index. (p. 339)

NEWSY NEWS

by Reckless Ralph Cummings

Another month has slipped by, and it's getting nearer cold weather all the time now, how all we northerners dread it. There's been a lot of sickness around the past month or so, with the hot days and cold nights, who wouldn't be. Tilman Le Blanc of Fall River, Mass., has been very sick, also Mrs. Wm. M. Burns of Rockland Me., L. C. Skinner of Pautucket, R. I., Mrs. James Morris of Fairmont, W. Va., Mrs. P. J. Moran of Oakland, Calif.

Thomas Funderburk of Worcester, Mass., has gone down to Washington, D. C., to work, we wish you luck, Tommy.

William Yates of East Brookfield, Mass., a Redman and subscriber, and of Indian blood, was made chief Seekis (meaning Friend) of the Navahoe Tribe of Indians. He's a swell guy to know.

Who has a cheap copy of Tecumseh, for sale, it doesn't have to be in good condition, as long as it's all there. If you have one, write to Ralph F. Cummings, and state price wanted.

Wm. H. Bradshaw, 3644 N. Oakley St., Chicago 18, Ill., H. H. Bro. member #194, has New Magnet Library Nos. 850 to 1350 in a nice long run, all in good condition. Who's interested?

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duprez were up here late Saturday afternoon on July 15th, on sort of a business trip, and did I feel punk that day, as I'd been to Boston the day before, and had dinner down there, so the way I felt Saturday, I thought sure I was poisoned, for that's just the way I felt, but I worked in mixing cement, hoping I'd feel better. I did some, and went to bed in the afternoon for about an hour when Charlie and his wife dropped in, I felt better, but you know how it is when you eat something that don't agree with you?

L. C. Skinner of Pautucket, R. I., was here July 26th, his wife drove him up here, and this is the first time in 8 years or more that he's been here. His leg and arm are pretty stiff yet, but he's coming along ever so much better, and looks a lot better than he did the last time I saw him, about a year ago. He is still as happy over the old timers as he always was, and still loves to collect them. Send for his want lists.

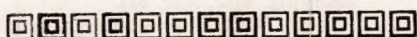
A movie, showing The Dalton Gang, inspired a lad of 15 to wrecking of the Frisco Flyer passenger train near Holland, Mo., which killed the engineer and injured 13 persons, July 24th. Wm. L. Godsey says he didn't intend to wreck the train, but thought by opening a switch, that it would merely send it on a siding.

July 1st Edward and Tilman Le Blanc took Eli Messier and ye editor Cummings up to Rockland, Maine, to visit Bill Burns and others. We stayed over night, and came back the second. Sorry we didn't meet any of the other fellows that we expected to, but we all had a very nice visit with Bill Burns and then we went up to see Gilbert Patten's (Burt L. Standish) place, where he used to write the good old Tip Top Weekly stories of Frank

and Dick Merriwell, and I stopped in to see some of my relatives up there too, then headed for home. We stopped in Portland, to see Bro. Harding, but it being such a nice day, he and his wife were out.

Edward Le Blanc is writing up a series of articles on all rare old novels, that are almost out of existence, from various files such as his own and others.

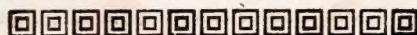
Members and non-members of the "Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Round-Up," over in England, Australia and Scotland, that can't send money out of the country, send your dues of \$2.00 to John Medcraft, 64 Woodlands Rd., Ilford, Essex, England, as John will handle it over your way, for me.



Have the following for sale or trade for similar publications—make offer: LIFE magazine, 1947, practically a complete year. PIC, CLICK, LOOK, etc. Odd numbers about 10 years old. CORONET, READER'S DIGEST, etc. Odd numbers. MYSTERY MAGAZINES, fiction, of several years back—good as ever for reading matter.

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20 Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls Weekly #314 323 336 337 338 339 340 341 342
 344 360 363 380 393 401 406 409 422 468 518—A couple are poor, but mostly all
 good condition, the lot for \$5.00 and well worth it, too, as they came out in
 1875-76.

Ralph F. Cummings

Fisherville, Mass.

FOR SALE

Pecks Bad Boy and His Pa. Vols 1 and 2. Also Pecks Sunshine, all by George W. Peck, bound in 1 vol. illust. such as it is, price \$1.25.

The Youth's Companion, Vol. 24, bd. Nos. 2 to 52. Fair condition, price \$2.00.

The Railway Traveller's Walk through Cambridge, with 75 illustrations, 1862. Good, price \$1.00

13 Tip Top Weekly, extra good condition #360 521 570 587 588 645 664 678 686 791 795 841 846. Price 75 cents each or all for \$8.50.

Motor-Annual Show Number for Oct. 1939, good, price \$1.00, full of illustrations on automobiles.

Ringling Brothers & Barnum & Bailey Circus Magazine and program for 1948—25 cents.

Old Farmers Almanac's for 1817 1827 1830 1831 fair condition for their age. Price, 30c each or all 4 for \$1.00.

Beadles Half Dime Library #21 33 61 154 225 277 278 667 770 771 772. Some are stamped, not bad, price \$1.00 each, or all for \$10.00, good condition.

Beadles Dime Library #22 54 26 163 188 397 627 629 1100 1102 (No. 1100 is taped) Price \$1.25 each, or all for \$10.00. Nos. 5 and 183, \$1.50 each, rare.

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Standard Precancel Stamp Catalogue for 1926—50c.

Little Journeys (E. Hubbards Amateur Mags.) for 1908. Bd. Lots of stuff on Mary Baker Eddy in it—Price \$2.00.

1 sheet U. S. Postage 3c stamps, unused, First Steamship to Cross the Atlantic, 1944. Fine \$2.25, with plate number.

Ralph F. Cummings

Fisherville, Mass.